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The ~~Honour of a~~ *London* 'PRENTICE.

~~Being an Account of his matchless Manhood and brave Adventures done in Turkey, and by what Means he marry'd the King's Daughter, &c.~~

Note, *As the Use of these* Old Songs *is very great, in respect that many Children who never would have learn'd to* Read, *had not they took a Delight in poring over* Jane Shore *or* Robin Hood, *&c. which has insensibly stole into them a Curiosity and Desire of Reading other the like Stories, till they have improv'd themselves more in a short time than perhaps they would have done in some Years at School: In order still to make them more useful, I premise to affix an* Introduction, *in which I shall point out what is Fact, and what is Fiction in each Song; which will (as may be readily suppos'd) give not only Children, but Persons of more ripe Years, an Insight into the Reality, Intent and Design, as well as many times the Author and Time when such Song was made, which has not hitherto been explain'd.*

†*¶ *The following Song relates to a noble Piece of Chivalry perform'd in Queen* Elizabeth's *Days; but I must acknowledge my self so ignorant of the History of that Reign, that I cannot yet discover who this famous 'Prentice was, nor yet any particular Account of the Fact; I shall therefore leave the Poet to tell his own Story.*

OF a worthy *London* 'Prentice
My Purpose is to speak,
And tell his brave Adventures
Done for his Country's Sake;

Seek all the World about,
And you shall hardly find
A Man in Valour to exceed
A 'Prentice gallant Mind.

He was born in *Cheshire*,
The chief of Men was he,
From thence brought up to *London*,
A 'Prentice for to be;
A Merchant on the Bridge
Did like his Service so,
That for three Years his Factor
To *Turkey* he should go.

And in that famous Country
One Year he had not been,
E'er he by Tilt maintained
The Honour of his Queen,
Elizabeth his Princess,
He nobly did make known,
To be the Phœnix of the World,
And none but she alone.

In Armour richly gilded,
Well mounted on a Steed,
One Score of Knights most hardy
One Day he made to bleed;
And brought them all unto the Ground
Who proudly did deny
Elizabeth to be the Pearl
Of Princely Majesty.

The King of that same Country
Thereat began to frown,
And will'd his Son, there present,
To pull this Youngster down;
Who at his Father's Words
These boasting Speeches said,
Thou art a Traytor, *English* Boy,
And hast the Traytor play'd.

I am no Boy, nor Traytor,
Thy Speeches I defy,
For which I'll be revenged
Upon thee by and by;
A London 'Prentice still
Shall prove as good a Man,
As any of your Turkish Knights,
Do all the best you can.

And therewithal he gave him
A Box upon the Ear,
Which broke his Neck asunder,
As plainly doth appear.
Now know, proud *Turk*, quoth he,
I am no *English* Boy,
That can with one small Box o'th' Ear
The Prince of *Turks* destroy.

When as the King perceived
His Son so strangely slain,
His Soul was sore afflicted
With more than mortal Pain;
And in Revenge thereof,
He swore that he should die
The cruel'st Death that ever Man
Beheld with mortal Eye.

Two Lyons were prepar'd
This 'Prentice to devour,
Near famish'd up with Hunger
Ten Days within the Tower,
To make them far more fierce
And eager of their Prey,
To glut themselves with human Gore
Upon this dreadful Day.

The appointed Time of Torment
At length grew nigh at hand,
When all the noble Ladies
And Barons of the Land,
Attended on the King,
To see this 'Prentice slain,
And bury'd in the hungry Maws
Of those fierce Lions twain.

Then in his Shirt of Cambrick,
With Silks most richly wrought,
This Worthy *London* 'Prentice
Was from the Prison brought,
And to the Lions given,
To staunch their Hunger great,
Which had not eat in ten Days Space
Not one small Bit of Meat.

But God, who knows all Secrets,
The Matter so contriv'd,
That by this young Man's Valour
They were of Life depriv'd;
For being faint for Food,
They scarcely could withstand
The noble Force, and Fortitude,
And Courage of his Hand:

For when the Hungry Lions
Had cast on him their Eyes,
The Elements did thunder
With the Eccho of their Cries;
And running all amain
His Body to devour,
Into their Throats he thrust his Arms,
With all his Might and Power:

From thence, by manly Valour,
Their Hearts he tore in sunder,
And at the King he threw them,
To all the People's Wonder.
This I have done, quoth he,
For lovely *England*'s Sake,
And for my Country's Maiden Queen
Much more will undertake.

But when the King perceived
His wrothful Lions Hearts,
Afflicted with great Terror,
His Rigour soon reverts,
And turned all his Hate
Into Remorse and Love,
And said, It is some Angel
Sent down from Heav'n above.

No, no, I am no Angel,
The courteous young Man said,
But born in famous *England*,
Where God's Word is obey'd;
Assisted by the Heavens,
Who did me thus befriend,
Or else they had most cruelly
Brought here my Life to end.

The King, in Heart amazed,
List up his Eyes to Heaven,
And for his foul Offences
Did crave to be forgiven;
Believing that no Land
Like *England* may be seen,
No People better governed
By Virtue of a Queen.

So taking up this young Man,
He pardon'd him his Life,
And gave his Daughter to him,
To be his wedded Wife;
Where then they did remain,
And live in quiet Peace,
In spending of their happy Days,
In Joy and Love's Increase.

Northampton, Printed by *W. Dicey*; of whom may be had all Sorts of Old and New Ballads, *&c.*